HISTORIC CRIMES and MYSTERIES

by WALT MASON

THE IRON JUDGE OF MALTA.

One night, 200 years ago, Judge Cambo of Malta sat by his bedroom window gazing out upon the sleeping town, which was bathed in brilliant moonlight. Had Judge Cambo not been sitting by his window that night, his name would never have been known outside the island of Malta, which is about eight miles wide and seventeen long; but he couldn't sleep well that night, for one reason or another, so he took his seat by the window, and eventually became known all over the world, or wherever lawyers congregate. Thus we see upon what a small peg destiny sometimes hangs.

There is no doubt that Judge Cambo was a man of integrity and ability. Some even hold that he had a conscience. In his youth he was considered sentimental and went so far, upon occasion, as to write poetry. But he took up the study of the law quite early, and the law became an infatuation with him. As the years went on he became saturated with it, so that it took full possession of his soul and mind. He judged everything in the earth and the waters under the earth by his Maltese law, which was somewhat different from that now prevailing, as the island then was under the dominion of the Knights of St. John. In the mind of Judge Cambo, though he perhaps wouldn't have confessed it, justice was a small thing as compared with the law. If justice and the law could be made to walk comfortably along the same road, well and good; otherwise, the law had the right of way, and justice must scratch for itself.

So Judge Cambo sat at his window, in the soft Mediterranean night, and as he looked into the street beneath him he saw one man stab another. The wounded man, who had been flying for his life, reeled and fell. At this moment the murderer's cap fell off, and his face was fully exposed to the judge. The judge and the assassin stared at each other for a moment, and then the latter replaced his cap, threw away the sheath of his knife and ran. The learned jurist sat at his window, gazing calmly at the dead man. An ordinary man might have raised an alarm, but the judge did nothing. It is possible that he was raking through his mind for a law that would fit the case.

The night wore on and morning was approaching, and the judge remained at his window. Then a baker came into the street, carrying his loaves for distribution. Presently the baker beheld the corpse, and stood looking at it, as though dazed. Then he saw the sheath of the knife, picked it up and examined it and put it in his pocket. Then panic overtook him and he ran, but just at that moment policemen came around the corner and seized him. The unfortunate baker was led away to prison and the judge, calm and serene, lay down for a few lines of slumber.

In due season the baker was brought up for trial in the criminal court, and the presiding judge at that court was Cambo. He had come to the conclusion, after ruminating over all the law he had absorbed in the course of his career, that he had no right to act from his own private knowledge in a matter brought before him in his official capacity. Learned writers, discussing the case, have said that he acted conscientiously, and a few have expressed their belief that he acted properly. Such is the reverence for law.

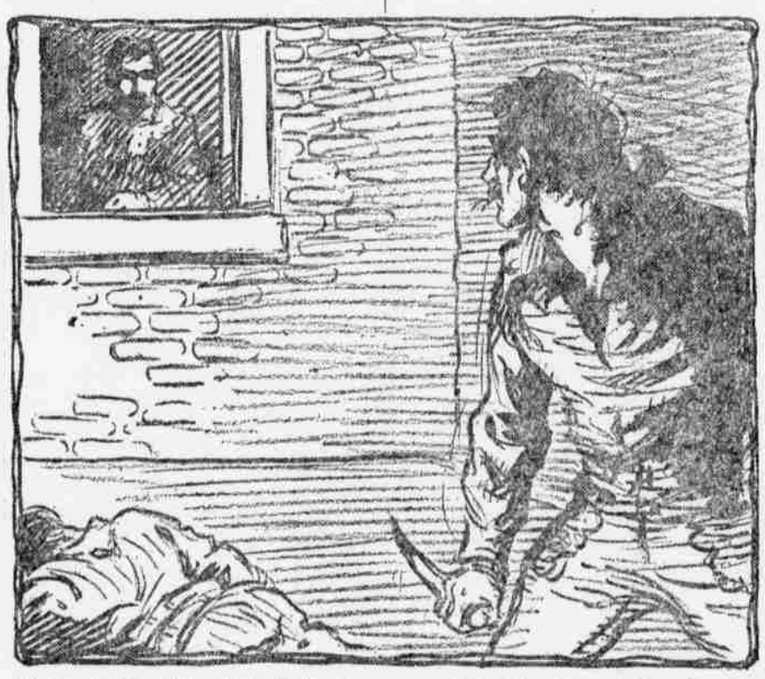
The baker came up for trial, a wretched and terrified man. The police had a strong case against him. He was arrested just as he was leaving the corpse, and he had the sheath of a dagger or stiletto in his pocket. But as the case wore on it became apparent that the evidence wasn't conclusive enough, and there was a probability that the accused would be acquitted.

Then this marvelous Judge Cambo used every endeavor to make the baker confess the crime. He threatened and entreated, but the accused persisted in declaring his innocence. So Judge Cambo ordered him to the torture and he was stretched upon the rack. For a time he stuck to his claim of innocence, but when the agony became intolerable he confessed to the crime which he had never committed, and Judge Cambo looked on, calm and inscrutable, and wrote down the racked man's confession as it came from his blood-flecked lips. Surely there never was a more zealous public official than Judge Cambo!

The judge was now quite satisfied. The prisoner had been proved guilty according to the law, and there was nothing further to do except to sentence the man to death, which the judge did with much feeling, rebuking him mildly for trying to obstruct the course of justice by refusing to confess. So the unfortunate baker was taken forth from the jail upon a lowering day and done to death by the executioner.

He was buried down by the sea, near where St. Paul was shipwrecked once upon a time, and the grass grew over him, and his memory became dim in the haunts of men. The years passed on, and Judge Cambo often sat by his window and gazed at the sleeping town, and if ghosts troubled him he gave no sign. The whole island admired and reverenced him as a saint-like man, who respected the law above all things except religion. The judge was growing old among his honors and dignities when an untoward thing happened.

In another part of the island a man was tried and convicted of a capital crime, and when he saw that doom was written against his name he made full confession of various evil things he had done in his sinful career. Among other things, he confessed that he was the murderer of the man for whose death the baker was tortured and executed. He narrated all the circumstances of the murder, down to the smallest detail, and cited the judge as a witness. He knew that the judge had seen the murder, for, as he was plunging his knife into the victim's body, he happened to see the judge at the window, and the judge was looking straight at him.



"Presently the Baker Beheld the Corpse, and Stood Looking at It, as Though Dazed."

The grand master of the knights now called upon the judge for an explanation and Cambo quietly admitted that the man's story was strictly true. But he argued that he had only done his duty; that it was quite proper to send a man to an ignominious death rather than violate the sacred law as he understood it. The judge was sentenced to the forfeiture of his office and to public degradation, and was ordered to turn over his worldly assets to the family of his victim. He lived a few years, shunned and hated as much as he formerly was admired and respected, and with the knowledge that his name was a hissing all over the world.

Decorations for Women.

Foreign countries are most prodigal of feminine decorations. There are in all some 20 foreign orders, and it is said that Spain was the first country to honor the gentler sex by including them in orders of chivalry. The Legion of Honor, which has been pinned to not a few feminine breasts in the present war, the Russian Order of St. Catherine, and the Austrian Star Cross are a few of the greater orders which can be accorded to women. In no country does the decoration bestowed on a woman carry any title, as in the case of a masculine knighthood, but in several countries certain female decorations bestow a sort of status equivalent to rank in the army.

Contrariness.

"When a girl promises to marry a man, Miss Ginger, isn't it a sure proof that she loves him?"

"Not at all. She might do it just to spite another man."

USE POWDERED FUEL

INVENTION WILL SAVE RAILROADS MUCH MONEY.

Locomotives to Be Equipped With Fire Boxes Capable of Burning Pulverized Compounds—Will Reduce Work of Firemen.

The expenditure for locomotive fuel on our steam railroads amounts to nearly 25 per cent of the total cost of conducting its transportation, says Scientific American. This enormous item of expenses, coupled with the ever-increasing cost of all material, due to the high price of labor, presents a problem which has engaged the attention of locomotive engineers for a number of years.

Experiments made in the way of burning solid fuel other than in grates in cement kilns and metallurgical furnaces have been successful, and pulverized coal is now extensively used for such purposes; but the difficulties inseparable from the conditions under which a locomotive has to be operated are great and it is only recently that appliances for burning powdered fuel in locomotive fireboxes have been practically developed.

A paper on the subject was presented at a meeting of the New York Railroad club recently, and by the courtesy of the club we are now able to give some particulars of this important step in railroad fuel economy.

In the first place, it may be stated that any solid fuel which in a dry pulverized form has two-thirds of its contents combustible will be suitable for steam-generating purposes. Therefore, the low value coal mine and strippit products, such as dust, sweepings, culm, slack and screenings, and even lignite and peat, are as suitable as the larger sizes and better grades of coal. As some of the products above named are now unsalable, the great saving effected by the use of the new form of fuel will be apparent; for the total cost to prepare pulverized coal in a properly equipped plant will be something less than 25 cents per ton. This item will be more than offset by the great difference in the cost of the grades of coal purchased for pulverizing as compared with those that would be required for burning satisfactorily in grates.

The preparation of the fuel is not complicated. It must be thoroughly dry; that is to say, the moisture should not exceed 1 per cent and ground to a fineness so that it will pass through a screen from number 100 to number 200 mesh.

The first locomotive of any considerable size to be fitted up in the United States or Canada (and so far as known, in the world) with successful apparatus for burning pulverized fuel in suspension is a ten-wheel type engine. This engine has cylinders 22 inches in diameter by 26 inches stroke. Driving wheels, 69 inches diameter. Boiler pressure, 200 pounds. Heating surface, 2,649 square feet. Grate, area, 55 square feet. It is equipped with a Schmidt superheater and has a tractive effort of 31,000 pounds. It was converted into a pulverized fuel burner in the early part of 1914.

The fireman's duties will be very light compared with his work required in hand firing coarser coal in the ordinary grates. This is easily understood when we recall that the fireman of a heavy modern locomotive has to shovel coal into the firebox at the rate of about 6,000 pounds an hour, or 100 pounds a minute. This laborious work cannot be done with the care necessary to secure good combustion, with the result that quantities of coal are dropped into the ashpan, the flues are rapidly chocked with soot and clouds of smoke, unburnt coal and sparks are ejected from the stack, to the annoyance of passengers and danger to property adjacent to the railway.

The improved system will change all this, for even when fuel contains 15 per cent of noncombustible matter only about 2.5 per cent is deposited in the slag or ash pan, and this deposit is noncombustible. Whereas, when coal is burned in grates about 15 per cent goes into the ash pan, and this residuum always contains more or less combustible matter. The saving in ashpan waste alone is an important item.

It is stated that the use of pulverized fuel effects a saving of from 15 to 25 per cent in coal or equivalent heat value delivered, as compared with the hand firing of coarse coal on grates.

In conclusion it must be noted that there is a certain element of danger in the handling of pulverized coal that does not obtain with the more ineffective coarse coal. But, with ordinary care and the observance of certain established rules, it is comparatively easy to avoid trouble, as is shown by the records of industrial plants using pulverized fuel.

Railroads Use More Oil.

There was a marked increase in the use of petroleum as locomotive fuel by the railroads of the country during the past year. According to data prepared by the United States geological survey the oil fuel consumed as locomotive fuel last year amounted to 136,648,466 barrels, an increase of 5,555,200 barrels, or 18 per cent over the similar consumption in 1914. This increase is ascribed to the relatively low prices prevailing for fuel grades of oil during the last year and a half as a result of the increased production of low-grade crude in the Gulf Coast states and in Mexico and of the augmented output of suitable residuals from refineries operating in ever-increasing number in Oklahoma and Kansas.

EXTENDING LINES IN ALASKA

Degree of Development Not Generally Recognized Has Been Steadily Carried Forward.

Private enterprise is re-enforcing government enterprise in the development of Alaska transportation. Announcement was recently made of the intention of the Copper River & Northwestern to extend its Cordova line farther into the interior. Now comes the assurance that private enterprise has financed the proposed immediate construction of a railroad from near Controller bay to the Bering river coal fields, 17 miles away.

Thus coal of high quality is to be brought to tidewater by October next and shipped to Alaska points as well as Seattle and points farther south. Possibly about the same time Matanuska coal will reach Seward and Anchorage and be distributed from these points for naval and commercial needs.

The humanizing of Alaska administration and the partial opening of the territory to commercial enterprise have had a stimulating effect. Long dormant coal claims are taking on the form of business ventures. Railroad construction is to bring these in touch with the market, cheapen fuel and make greater gold production possible. The world's demand for copper has further accentuated Alaska's progress by forcing the railroad line from Seward to extend into the wilderness beyond the present terminus.

The utilities for commerce are being vastly increased. Coal will soon be reaching Central Alaska from the Nenana fields, and the south coast will be supplied from the Bering and Matanuska fields, vitalizing every industry that it touches. In another year the northern wilderness will be split in twain by the arteries of commerce.

ON A VISIT OF INSPECTION

British Railroad Authority in This Country Looking Over the Leading American Systems.

W. M. Acworth, the distinguished British railroad authority, is visiting the United States and inspecting several of the railroad systems of the East. He is keenly interested in the wage controversy between the railroads and the train service employees, which he avers is similar in its general aspects to that which led up to the great British railroad strike of 1911.

Mr. Acworth is a director of the underground railroads of London and has written a number of books on railroad development and regulation. He is no stranger to the United States, having made many trips to this side of the Atlantic, and having been for many years in touch with the railroad situation here. He is a close personal friend of leading railroad officials of the country.

"The war has made heavy drafts upon the railroad workers of Great Britain," said Mr. Acworth in an interview at New York. "Probably 20 per cent of the railroad operatives are in active service. From the London underground system, which employed about 25,000 men at the outbreak of the war, some 8,000 have enlisted. On all the lines somewhat similar conditions exist.

"The places of those who have volunteered have been filled to some extent by keeping older men in service instead of retiring them. On the London buses 500 women are employed as conductors. On all the lines forces have been reduced by cutting off a large proportion of the passenger trains.

Man Stole a Locomotive.

"By George! I am going to that dance at Paxton's somehow," an unidentified young man declared here the other night when informed there would would be no trains going east for some time, according to the Bozeman (Mont.) correspondent of the Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review. He walked over to a lone locomotive, entered the cab and started east, breaking through a closed switch and going out on the main line.

Engineer McVicker, in a locomotive, was traveling toward this city when he noticed that the block system registered danger. He saw the smoke of an engine approaching and stopped his own. His fireman jumped and McVicker reversed his engine. Fireman Boehling caught the approaching engine, climbed into the cab, found it "driverless" and brought it to a stop a short distance from McVicker's engine.

No trace of the locomotive thief has been found. He evidently jumped when he saw the other engine approaching.

World's Largest Locomotive.

What is said to be the largest locotive in the world to run on a three-foot-six-inch gauge has recently been shipped from Great Britain to the order of the South African railroads. It is of the "Mallet" type, the total overall length of engine and tender being 81 feet 2 inches. The design and specifications were drafted in Pretoria.

Express Has Splendid Record.

During the nearly twenty-five years that the Empire State express of the New York Central railroad has been running it has carried approximately eight million passengers without a single fatal accident.

Two Most Dangerous Hours.

After investigating 72 railroad wrecks Prof. Hugo Muensterberg finds the majority of signal failures occurs between 11 a. m. and 1 p. m.

"Lady Hard Luck"

By GENEVIEVE ULMAR

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It was with an iron hand, but a genial, patient heart, as was her splendid nature, that Inez Walton took up the distracted threads of destiny amid the wreck and ruin of a great fortune.

"It's incredible, but true," spoke the old family lawyer, Gideon Blake. "Your father, it seems, was the victim of the most fantastic and unreasonable experiments and speculations. A Rothschild couldn't afford it."

"As I understand you, then," spoke Inez steadily, although her lip trembled, "the estate, as we have called it, has dwindled down to the little farm place at Bridgeton?"

"And the wet meadows a mile beyond, a worthless waste stretch."

"But the sale of the estate equities will pay all the debts?"

"Just that, with possibly a few hundred over."

"Then I am satisfied," said the clear-eyed young lady. "The debts can be honorably liquidated at least, there is shelter and the pensioners are sure of a home."

"I fear you will have to give up your philanthropic ideas, Miss Walton."

"Never!" came the firm, simple reply. "When I fancied I was rich I adopted old Uncle and Aunt Daniels and their two helpless orphaned grandchildren. They are my sacred charges. Much or little, they shall share what bounty I have till the end."

The good old lawyer viewed his handsome client indulgently—and

Boldly Waded After Her Hat and Restored It.

with a certain shade of sadness, withal. In his estimation she was "a splendid lady!" He respected her force of character and admired her beauty. He wondered why, with all her capabilities for attracting attention, she had not chosen a life mate and evaded the harsh rigors her acceptance of four helpless charges was certain to bring to her.

But Inez was loyal and sincere. She was naturally disappointed to see what had been considered a great fortune practically fade away into nothingness. There was one mighty consolation, however: all the debts were paid. within a week she and her pensioners were quite comfortably domiciled in the old house at Bridgeton. She sold off the horses and carriages. The lawyer saved a moiety from the sale of the real estate and Inez found herself the possessor of a liquid capital of about nine hundred dollars.

"We're not so bad off, after all," she observed cheeringly to her aunt and uncle. "We can all do some garden work. There is a cow, some chickens, and the twenty acres ought to provide for us with a little drawn from the ready capital. The children must go to school. Aunt Huldah can knit and I can sew, and we shall get along charmingly."

"Yes, indeed," readily chirped in her uncle, "and I am not so old that I cannot do a little work now and then for neighboring farmers."

It depressed Inez when for the first time she went to look at "the wet meadows." They covered a few acres and were a foot deep with swamp grass and water. There seemed to be a spring in the center which bubbled up irrepressibly, the waste water having made a sort of river bed, and draining into the creek half a mile away. Surrounding it was a noble stretch of landscape—woods, valleys, a little lake, and quite recently most of this land had been taken over by a city syndicate. Inez heard that the enterprising speculator controlling it was planning to buy up all the land available and start an up-to-date summer resort.

"It's ideal, that is sure," reflected Inez—"all but my poor little damp patch of bog. Oh, dear!"

The exclamation was caused by a sudden gust of wind taking her new hat flying. It was a dainty creation and it skimmed the long waving grass and gently sailed down across the top of a stunted bush.

Inez glanced at her low slippers and the treacherous glint of water under the grasses knee deep in some places. She was about to turn from the spot and find some barefooted farmer's boy to help her out in her predicament when she noticed, appearing from behind some bushes near the spring, a young man. He wore high boots, lifted his cap to her, boldly waded after her hat and restored it to her. In the interim Inez had noticed that a second man directly at the spring was filling some bottles with the water.

She thanked the stranger very much, impressed with his courteous mannerly ways, and left the spot wondering who he might be, but surmising that he was one of the group who were visiting the site of the new summer resort regularly.

It was about a week later that, as Inez came in from the garden, her aunt announced a visitor waiting for her in the little parlor. She was surprised to find that this was the young man who had rescued her runaway hat.

"I represent the new syndicate which is to operate the summer resort here, Miss Walton," he stated. "We have been looking over your spring property. The truth is, we find that its water is of rare medicinal value. To add a spring equal in its virtues to the famous spas abroad is to have a very valuable feature in our general equipment. We wish to secure the right to use it and to build a pagoda, park the surroundings and establish drinking fountains and baths. The negotiation has been left entirely in my hands. I have decided to offer you five thousand dollars."

"Oh, what a blessing!" cried the delighted Inez. "With that I can better provide for my dear ones."

"Five thousand a year on a ten-year lease," concluded the young man, and Inez sat fairly stunned with amazement.

"You cannot mean it!" she gasped. "Why, I offered the land for one thousand dollars outright when I first came here."

"That may be true," spoke Alvin Hughes, "but its value was not then known. I might have bargained if I had been dealing with a man, but you—"

He paused; he did not go on to tell of all the good he had heard of the sterling young woman and the chivalric and noble in his nature that bade him protect her interests.

And so Inez was no longer "Lady Hard Luck." And later she became Lady Thoughtful, and Lady Interested when she learned that the syndicate managers, when they found out that their representative had acted like a man of honor instead of taking an advantage of an inexperienced young lady, promptly turned him adrift.

She could not get the sufferer off her behalf out of her mind. She located him at last through a friend, filling a rather poor position.

He had brought her comparative opulence, surely comfort and a competency. He was the one in hard luck now, and all for her sake.

A woman's wit brought about a meeting. A woman's love ruse, genuine and supreme. Alvin Hughes would not share her fortune. Her loyal affection was sufficient, and he was the kind of a man who could make his way rapidly when the smile of a brave, encouraging woman was his—all his own.

So Lady Hard Luck became old Lady Bountiful, her sweet life filled not only with the love of a loyal man, but scattering its perfume among all those with whom her radiant nature came in contact.

Peruvian River of Horror.

There is a river of mystery and horror in Peru, and the legends of rich rubber regions and untold wealth in gold are accompanied by tales of those who went up it never to return. Casimer Watkins, a naturalist, recently returned from South America, tells of the stream.

"This river," he said, "is the Colorado river, the richest river in Peru. Great groves of rubber trees lie along its course, and gold has been found in it. But the Mascos, a tribe of cannibals, infest it. They still practice cannibalism, and will kill a man on sight. Expeditions have been fitted out and been heavily armed to go exploring for rubber and gold, but none of them has ever returned. The savages have killed the men and eaten them and turned the canoes adrift. They have come down the river empty, bottoms up, or filled with supplies which the savages did not care to remove."

Profound Essay on the Duck.

A little schoolgirl in Michigan has written the following essay on the duck:

"The duck is a low, heavy-set bird. He is a mighty poor singer having a coarse voice caused by getting so many frogs in his neck and he likes the water and carries a toy balloon in his stomach to keep from sinking; the duck has only two legs and they are set so far back on his running gears by nature that they come pretty near missing his body, some ducks when they get big curls on their tails are called drakes and don't have to set or hatch but just loaf and go swimming and eat everything in sight if I were to be a duck I would rather be a drake they have a wide bill like they use it for a spade they walk like a drunk man they bounce and bump about side to side if you scare them they will flap their wings and try to make a pass at singing."